FAMILIAR DIALOGUES

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FOR THE

INSTRUCTION and AMUSEMENT

406

OF

CHILDREN

OF

FOUR and FIVE YEARS OLD.

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Familiar Dialogues, &c.

DIALOGUE I.

MAMMA and MARY.

MAMMA.

WHAT are you doing *Mary*? You ſeem very buſy.

MARY. I am trying to make a petticoat for my doll; but I can't tell how it ſhould be done.

MAMMA. Come hither and I will teach you. Shall you not be very glad when you can work and read? For then you know you will be able to make dolls cloaths, bonnets, and cloaks, and aprons, and frocks; and

to read pretty ſtories and ſongs without troubling any body to read them to you. Will not that be clever, think you?

MARY. But why cannot I read and work without being taught? You do. You make my ſiſters frocks, and petticoats, and ſtays; and my bonnet, and tippets, and your own hats and caps, and I never ſee any body teach you: and why can't I?

MAMMA. Becauſe you are a little girl; and little girls do not know any thing 'till their papas and mammas, or aunts, or ſomebody will be ſo kind as to teach them. When I was a little girl I could not read.

MARY. But you can read now: and I want to read, and to write, and work, and dance, and teach my doll as you teach me.

MAMMA. Then you muſt take pains, and mind what I tell you, and remember and do as you are bid; and ſpell thoſe words which you do not know.

MARY. Yes, Ma'am! I do mind what you ſay; but when gentlemen and ladies read I never hear them ſpell; and I want to read as they do.

MAMMA. Then I will tell you, my dear, how you muſt learn. When I was a little girl my papa and mamma taught me; and I ſpelt a great while

before I could read; and you know when you was as little as your ſiſter, you could not tell your letters; but by looking at them very often you learnt them all; and then I taught you to ſpell ba, be; and then you could ſpell words of one ſyllable; ſuch as cat, rat, dog, hog, fly.

MARY. There are a great many flies in the window now, may I not catch one of them?

MAMMA. No certainly. You muſt never touch the flies, it will hurt them; and it is very naughty to hurt any thing. Do you like to be hurt?

MARY. No, Ma'am! But my

ſiſter *Kitty* took one in her hand yeſterday and killed it. Was ſhe very naughty?

MAMMA. No my dear! becauſe little *Kitty* is a baby; and babies do not know any better. When ſhe ſtroaked your face juſt now, ſhe put

her finger in your eye, but ſhe did not know it would hurt you; for little babies do not know any thing; and laſt night ſhe wanted to take the lighted candle in her hand, for ſhe did not know it would hurt her. But you are four years old, and you know that little girls muſt never go near the fire, or touch the candle; nor may they hurt flies. Little *Kitty* killed the poor fly when ſhe took it in her hand. Poor little fly!

MARY. Why did you not tie *Kitty*'s hands? You tied my couſin *Robert*'s hands the other day when he whipped the cat out of the parlour; and whipped his legs with

the ſticks with which he beat puſs.

MAMMA. Becauſe *Robert* is a great boy, and knows that to beat a cat will hurt it: and therefore, he was a naughty child to be ſo cruel as to hurt a poor cat that was quietly ſleeping on the ground. But little *Kitty* did not mean to hurt the fly which ſhe ſqueezed in her hand; for ſhe is a baby, and could not tell that the fly was alive; and you know ſhe cannot take any care of herſelf my dear. She cannot walk, or talk, nor has ſhe any teeth. But when ſhe is older, then ſhe will know better, and will not touch the flies any more.

MARY. Look, Mamma, there is a

butterfly in the window, it is much prettier than flies. O, now it is flown into the garden! Let me go

and ſee it; Shall I go and play out on that graſs plot?

MAMMA. Yes if you pleaſe. But

put on your bonnet, and tippet, and gloves, for it does not look neat to ſee you go out without them.

MARY. I cannot find my gloves; nor do I know where any of my things are. I threw them all down when I pulled them off, and ſomebody has taken them away.

MAMMA. But that was very careleſs *Mary:* for you ſhould always fold them up, and lay them in their proper places; or elſe give them to *Molly* to put away for you. Now you muſt ſtay in doors then, for I ſhall not let you go out unleſs you can find them. Don't look ſo croſs! but ſmile and be good hu-

moured! Nay, if you cry you muſt not go at all. Little girls muſt not have any thing which they cry for. There is a good child, dry up your tears, and go and aſk *Hannah* whether ſhe has ſeen them, and another time put them in the drawer.

MARY. I have found them, Ma'am. *Hannah* picked them up and gave them to *Molly*, and ſhe took care of them for me. Was ſhe not very good? Now may I go Mamma?

MAMMA. Yes. And another time remember and do not throw them down; but carry them up ſtairs and put them away before you do any thing elſe. Did you ſay thank you

Hannah! for being ſo kind as to put your bonnet and gloves away?

MARY. Yes, Ma'am. Now ſee what a pretty curteſy I can make.

MAMMA. But you muſt look up my love, when you make a curteſy,

and not upon your feet. And when you ſpeak to any body always look at them, or they will not be able to hear you ſo well.

MARY. I have been at play till I am quite tired. But, Mamma, look at my new doll. I found her in the garden where I left her yeſterday, and ſee all her face looks ſo ugly. She had roſy cheeks, and her face and neck looked ſo white and ſhiney; and now ſee, ſhe is all rough, and her face is ſtriped. I do not like her: and her petticoat and frock is wet, and her cap is all dropped together. Who has ſpoiled her ſo? I am very ſorry.

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MAMMA. She is ſpoiled indeed! But nobody has touched her. You left your doll in the garden all night, and it rained a great deal; and the wet has waſhed the paint off her face, and her cloaths are ſpoilt by the rain. You muſt not leave your doll in the garden, but bring her in doors with you.

MARY. But when I went with papa to take a walk yeſterday, it rained very faſt, and we were both very wet; and yet my face did not grow ſtriped: my cheeks were quite red when I ran into Mr. *Lucky*'s parlour, and my neck did not feel ſo rough.

MAMMA. But you are not a doll *Mary*. Little girls are waſhed with water every day to make them clean; but dolls muſt not be waſhed, becauſe it will ſpoil them. For dolls are made of wood, and then they are painted, to make them look pretty for little girls to play with. Dolls cannot talk you know, they are only wood, or wax. Look *Mary*, now the rain has waſhed off the paint, you can ſee the wood. Dolls muſt not be wetted. Poor *Mary*'s doll! Well, will you have this piece of bread to eat? Are you not hungry little girl? Do'nt eat ſo faſt, it is not pretty. See, puſs

looks at you; ſhe means to ſay, Pray give me a bit of bread. Cats cannot talk. But hark! She ſays mew, mew, mew, that is a cat's way to aſk for a bit of bread. Give her ſome. Poor puſs is hungry. Don't fill your mouth ſo full; it will choak you: it does not look pretty to ſee little girls eat ſo. Open the door *Mary*. *Pompey* is ſcratching to come in. Let in the little dog. Well, *Pompey!* how do you do? See, *Pompey* jumps upon you. Don't run away. He is glad to ſee you: he cannot ſpeak, and ſo he jumps to ſhew he likes you, and he wags his tail to tell you he is pleaſed.

He will not hurt you. Stroak him. See how gentle he is. Dogs cannot talk; but he ſhews what he wants. He puts out his tongue; he is thirſty, fetch him ſome water.

MARY. But he ſhould not put

out his tongue. You tell me it is not pretty. You muſt not have any water if you put out your tongue *Pompey*.

MAMMA. Yes, give the little dog ſome drink. *Pompey* cannot ſpeak. If you are dry, you can ſay, Pray, Ma'am, let me have ſome water? But dogs put out their tongues to ſhew they are hot and thirſty.

MARY. I ſhall put my tongue out now then, for I am very hot.

MAMMA. No, *Mary!* put in your tongue, it will not make you cooler; and you do not want any drink: you are a little girl. *Pompey* is a little dog. Little girls muſt

not do the ſame things as little dogs do. Sit quiet, and you will be cool. Exerciſe has made you hot.

MARY. What is exerciſe? I do not know what you mean.

MAMMA. Running and walking, jumping and riding, is exerciſe; but ſitting ſtill, or laying down is reſt. Any thing that moves, is called being in motion; but ſitting ſtill, or going to ſleep is called reſt. Do you underſtand what I ſay?

MARY. I do not know. Din- is ready, come, Mamma, let us go to dinner. Pudding is good. Let us call Papa to have ſome dinner.

DIALOGUE II.

MAMMA and HARRY.

MAMMA.

WHERE have you been to *Harry?*

HENRY. In the garden. Look

I have got ſome gooſberries. Will you eat ſome? *John* is gathering ſome for a pye, and he gave me all theſe.

MAMMA. But they are not good for you, *Harry*, they will make you ſick. They will give you a pain in your ſtomach. Little boys muſt not eat fruit till it is ripe. They are ſour. They will be ſweet when they are quite ripe. Now they are green. Next month they will be red, *Harry*. That will be a red gooſberry. Some are green when they are ripe. Currants are red. Put theſe down on the table; when they are baked in the pye you ſhall eat ſome.

HARRY. How do you know

they will make me ſick? Let me eat ſome to try? perhaps they will not hurt me; Pray let me eat a few?

MAMMA. Be a good boy, *Harry*. Good boys always do as they are bid. Mamma knows what is good for you: if you are ſick you muſt have ſome phyſic, and you do not like that you know. Butter is not good, nor fruit is not good for you till it is ripe.

HARRY. Why, are there no trees in *London?* We have no garden there. I like a garden. Will you buy me a broom, Mamma, to ſweep the walks with?

MAMMA. You ſhall take a walk

in the afternoon to Mr. *Sweepem*'s to get you a broom, and then I will buy you a roller.

HARRY. Why does the gardener roll the walks? What is the uſe of it?

MAMMA. To make them look

neat. You kick up the ſtones with your feet when you run, and the rolling ſtone is heavy and preſſes them down again ; and then it is ſmooth and nice to walk upon. Don't look out of the window when it is open, you will fall into the garden and hurt yourſelf ſadly. Little boys muſt not get up into the window when it is open, and they are in the room by themſelves. See, *Harry*, there are ſome cows going by. They are going to be milked. Then the little boy can have ſome milk and water. Ladies drink tea. Little boys drink milk and water and eat bread. Take care how you pull down that win-

dow. Have you pinched your finger? Poor little boy! never mind it, it will be well preſently; never mind being hurt, go and play. There are your nine pins; when you are bigger you ſhall play at cricket. Walk upright, don't ſtoop ſo. When your Papa comes home he will ſet you before him, and you ſhall ride upon his horſe. See how the duſt flies. The wind blows, it is going to rain, then there will not be ſo much duſt. Do not put your horſe in Mamma's work bag; it will tear it, and break the horſe. Silly boy! Why did you cut off its tail?

HARRY. It will grow again.

My hair was cut a little while ago, and now it is almoſt in my eyes: my horſe's hair will be thicker now it is cut.

MAMMA. No, it will not grow any more. Little boys hair will grow; but that is a wooden horſe.

It is made to play with, and draw about. The tail is faſtened on. See, the mane is ſtuck on the wood, it is a bit of a rabbit's ſkin. That horſe is not alive you know. Wood is not alive. It cannot walk. Unleſs you draw it, it will ſtand ſtill. Let go the ſtring. See, it cannot move. Thoſe wheels are to make it run when you pull the ſtring. Hark! the bells ring. Pretty ſound! Do you like to hear them? Liſten to the noiſe. Now they have left off ringing. The bells are at church. That is a church yonder. Look ſtraight forward; now you ſee it. Hark! liſten again! the church clock

ſtrikes, one, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven. When it ſtrikes again, *Harry* muſt go to bed. Then ſhut the windows, and ſhut the doors, and bid the little boy good night.

HARRY. Why muſt the windows and doors be ſhut? It makes it dark. I like to look about and ſee ſomething.

MAMMA. But you cannot ſee when you are aſleep. When little boys go to bed they muſt ſhut their eyes, and go to ſleep directly: or elſe they will be ſleepy in the morning, and then they will not be able to play. Are you tired, *Harry*? Going to bed will reſt you. Do not clam-

ber upon the table, you will ſcratch it.

HARRY. Tables cannot feel. It will not hurt it. Why may I not walk upon tables? O! I have ſlipped down. I have hurt my leg,

and have torn my frock. I have fallen on my horſe, it is broke. Mamma, pray mend it, its head is off, and one of its legs; why did it break?

MAMMA. Becauſe you got on the table; and the table is ſmooth and ſlippery, it is rubbed with wax to make it bright. *John* rubs it every day, and if you ſcratch it you will ſpoil it: and give *John* a great deal of trouble to rub it. You fell down on your horſe and broke it with your foot; do not get up on the table any more: go and ride on your rocking horſe: here is the new whip that Papa bought for you.

Was he not very kind to buy a whip for you, *Harry?*

HARRY. I can buy one myſelf. Mr. *Trot* ſells whips. I know the way. I had rather buy one myſelf. I do not like this whip. I wanted a ſhort one. Such as *Robert* has who drove the poſt chaiſe. I will buy a better one.

MAMMA. Well, give me that, *Harry*; if you do not like it, I will keep it. Papa thought it would pleaſe you. You may buy one if you like it; but where is your money little boy? Mr. *Trot* will not give you a whip unleſs you pay him for it.

HARRY. Pray give me ſome ſhillings, Mamma! How much will it coſt? I have got no money. I have not got a pocket. Pray, Ma'am, give me ſome money.

MAMMA. I cannot ſpare you any money; I want my money to buy meat, and bread, and milk, and flour, or elſe you cannot have any thing to eat.

HARRY. How muſt I get money then? What ſhall I do for a whip? Pray give me that whip again which Papa bought.

MAMMA. No, you did not like it you know. Little boys have nothing but what is given

them: You did not thank me for it: You muſt now go without one. Little boys cannot get victuals for themſelves, nor cloaths, nor bread, or milk, or pudding, or meat, nor any frocks, or petticoats, or ſhoes. Papa and Mamma give you food.

Food is what you eat. Cloaths are what you wear. If Mamma did not make you frocks you would be naked and cold: and if *Betty* did not boil you milk, and make a pudding for dinner, you muſt go without, and be hungry. Little boys have nothing of their own. Every thing is Papa's and Mamma's. Papa's houſe, Papa's garden, Papa's carpet, Papa's money buys you play things; but if you are not contented with them; if you do not like them, he will not buy you any more. See, *Jenny* is come to put you to-bed. Good night, *Harry*.

HARRY. But ſhall I have the whip to-morrow, Mamma?

MAMMA. I cannot tell. We muſt aſk Papa. Go to bed like a good boy; do not make *Jenny* wait.

DIALOGUE III.

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MAMMA and MARY.

MAMMA.

HAVE you got a tongue, *Mary?*

MARY. Yes, Ma'am, to be ſure.

MAMMA. And what is it for?

MARY. Why to talk with. Is it not?

MAMMA. That is the uſe of a tongue: but why then when you

are ſpoken to, do you not anſwer? When Mr. *Query* aſked you juſt now

how you did; and when he ſaid, How does your Mamma do, and how does your ſiſter do? You did not ſpeak. You only put up your

ſhoulders, and held down your head, juſt as you do now. And when he aſked you to eat ſome cherries you only looked at me, and put your ſhoulders up ſtill higher. You ſhould have anſwered him, my dear. When a gentleman or lady ſpeaks to you, if they aſk you, How you do? You ſhould ſay, Pretty well thank you, Sir; or Ma'am, if it is a lady. And little girls ſhould hold up their heads, and put back their ſhoulders.

MARY. Why muſt they do ſo? Will any body love me better for it? It is not naughty to look down, Is it?

MAMMA. It is not naughty to

look down, to be ſure; but good girls always do as they are bid; and when you are told it is right to hold up your head, or when I ſay, Speak to that gentleman, *Mary*; it is naughty not to mind. Every body will love you if you are good; and if they ſee you do not mind when you are ſpoke to, they will think you are not a good child, and then they will not love you ſo well. When Maſter *Prater* was told yeſterday not to make ſuch a noiſe, and went on talking ſuch a long while together, you thought he was not good, you know. He told ſome very pretty ſtories; but when his Papa

ſo often told him, " Leave off *William!* Now hold your tongue, *William!* Don't make ſuch a noiſe, my dear! Be a good boy, *William!* Mind what I ſay to you!" Don't you think it looked very ugly in Maſter *Prater* not to leave off? Sometimes you may make a noiſe, and ſing, and jump, and dance as much as you pleaſe; but when any body elſe is talking, and you are bid to be quiet; then you muſt hold your tongue. Always do what you are bid, and then you will always be a good child.

MARY. But, Mamma, ſometimes you tell me I muſt not lift

lift my ſiſters, and one day when I was at play with Miſs *Thou htleſs*, ſhe carried me a great while i the

garden, and wanted me to carry her: but ſhe was ſo heavy I could not move her off the ground; but

I pulled her down, and we both tumbled together on one of the borders, and my head fell againſt a tree, and it hurt me ſadly, and I cried; and then Miſs *Thoughtleſs* ſaid, *you* would hear me, and come to ſee what made me cry; and that you ould be very angry with me for lifting her; and if I did not cry you would not know it, and I might try to carry her again: and then ſhe gathered ſome gooſberries; but they were ſo ſour I did not like them.

MAMMA. Miſs *Jenny Thoughtleſs* is a very naughty girl, for ſhe is always told not to carry you any where

or to lift any child. If little girls lift one another it will hurt them very much, and make them grow very crooked, and ſhe is a ſad naughty child to do what is wrong, and what her Mamma deſires her not to do, becauſe her Mamma does not ſee her. Little girls cannot know ſo well as their papas and mammas. When I tell you to do any thing it is becauſe it is right, you know. When you tried to lift Miſs *Jenny* you could not do it : you pulled her down, and hurt your head. You muſt not do what little girls or boys tell you, when it is what Mamma don't like. Papa and Mam-

ma love you dearly, *Mary*; and they know what will hurt you. Mamma would be ſorry to have her little girl hurt herſelf. I will tell you a ſtory, *Mary*. A little girl who loved work, and had got a

needle and thread and a pretty pincuſhion to ſtick her pins on, ——

MARY. What colour was it, Ma'am? was it a blue one?

MAMMA. No, it was a green pincuſhion, and a green ſilk bag ſhe had too, to put her work in; and ſomebody had given her a new piece of muſlin to make an apron for her doll. So her Mamma taught her how to work it and ſhe made pretty flowers on it; and then ſhe put ſome ſtrings to it; and when it was quite finiſhed ſhe tied it on to her doll, and it looked very nice. But the little girl (whoſe name was *Nancy*) thought it was dirty, becauſe

it had a yellow ſpot in it, an iron mould it is called. Such a ſpot is in that piece of cloth you have got in your hand: it will not waſh out. But *Nancy* did not like it. She wanted to try herſelf to waſh it out. Her Mamma told her ſhe could not; and that ſhe did not chuſe ſhe ſhould try. Well, little *Nancy* fretted ſadly about it; and when her Mamma went out in the evening to drink tea with a lady, ſhe was very much pleaſed to think ſhe ſhould get ſome water to waſh her her doll's apron. She went into her Mamma's room and got ſome water, and rubbed it a great deal to

get out the ſpot; but the ſpot did not go away with all her rubbing. *Nancy* thought that as the maids waſhed with hot water, if ſhe could get ſome, ſhe ſhould do it better. So ſhe crept ſoftly into the nurſery, and not finding the maids there; and

there being a tea kettle on the fire, ſhe poured ſome into the baſon. But as ſhe was a little girl, and not fit to go near the fire, nor big enough to lift the kettle; ſhe poured it all over her hands, and ſcalded them very bad indeed. She cried ſadly; but nobody heard her, and as ſhe knew ſhe had been doing wrong, ſhe went away and took her doll's apron with her, for ſhe was aſhamed to ſee any body. But her hands and arms were ſo ſore, that all the ſkin came off; and ſo every body that ſaw her, aſked her, how ſhe hurt herſelf? And it was a great while before they got well again: and they

were obliged to be bound up with rag for a long, long time. When *Nancy* had done waſhing her apron, ſhe wanted to hide it from her Mamma, and ſo put it into her work bag, and the wet quite ſpoiled it, and made it all yellow inſtead of green in a great many places. Now don't you think it was very naughty, and very ſilly to do what her Mamma bid her not; becauſe ſhe did not ſee her? Her Mamma knew beſt, and the little girl waſhed her apron all into holes by rubbing too hard; and not knowing how to do it: and the iron mould yellow ſpot would not come out.

She ſcalded her hands with the hot water, which you know ſhe ought not to have touched, and ſhe ſpoiled her nice work bag with the wet apron.

DIALOGUE IV.

DIALOGUE IV.

MAMMA, HARRY, and MARY.

MARY.

PRAY, Ma'am, will you buy me a baby-houſe like Miſs *Play*-

full's? Do you know, that laſt night ſhe ſhewed me ſuch a number of pretty things as I never ſaw before. She has got a ſpit, and a jack to turn the meat round, and a dripping pan, and three ſauce-pans, and a hearth broom, and a bed, and a cradle, and a tin pump, and tea things, and a tea kettle, and a tea board.

HARRY. And, Mamma, her Brother *Jack* has got as many toys as his ſiſter: for he has a rocking horſe, and four or five whips, and tops, and marbles, and a cart, and a tin poſt-chaiſe with four horſes to it and two poſtilions. Will you

not buy ſuch things for my ſiſter and me?

MAMMA. No, my dears, I have not got money enough to ſpare to buy you ſuch a number of toys; becauſe they will coſt a great deal; and I want all the money I have to buy you cloaths and victuals, and chairs, and tables, and carpets, and beds for this houſe which you live in; and I have not any to ſpare for to furniſh a baby-houſe.

HARRY. But then you can go to the money ſhop and buy ſome, and afterwards you will let us have ſuch pretty things as thoſe which *Jack Playfull* ſhewed me, will you not, Ma'am?

MAMMA. My dear there are no ſuch ſhops as thoſe which you mean. People cannot buy money. Money will buy every thing; but money cannot be bought. Men and women work to get money. Mr. *Conſerve*, the grocer and confectioner, you know, makes cakes, and raſberry jam, and currant jelly, and ſells currants, and raiſins, and ſugar, and tea: and Mr. *White* the baker makes bread; and bakes pies and puddings. The brewers make beer. The butcher ſells meat: and I ſometimes you know go to their ſhops and give them money for their ſugar, and bread, and beer. Your

Papa ſells woollen cloth to make gentlemens coats, and when they want cloaths they come to him, and give him money for it: with that money he buys what he wants of other people.

HARRY. But then, where did

money firſt come from? Who gave the money to Mr. *Worthy* which he buys his meat and cloaths with? for you know he does not ſell any thing.

MAMMA. Mr. *Worthy*, my love, has a great many fields and houſes: and thoſe perſons who live in his houſes give him money to let them live there. And the graſs that grows in his fields will make hay; and that he ſells for horſes to eat; and oats, and rye, and barley, all which he ſells and has money for. But money is firſt made of gold, and ſilver, and copper, which is all dug out of the earth.

HARRY. O! I am very glad you have told me that. I have juſt had my ſpade mended, and I will go and dig as faſt as I can; and then I will give you the money, and you ſhall buy me and my ſiſter all that we want.

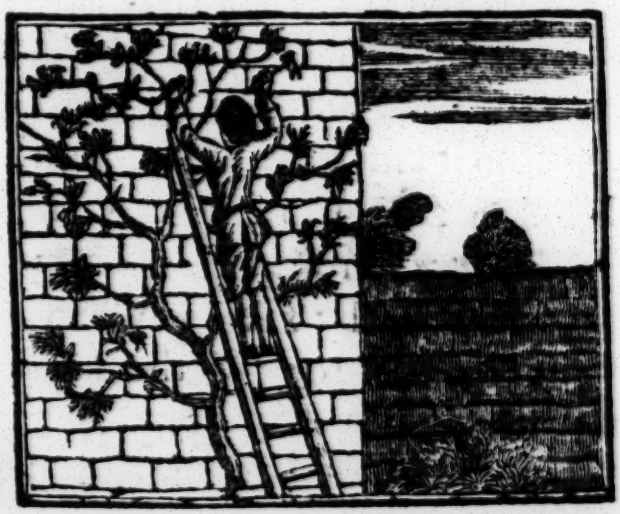
MAMMA. You ſhould ſay my ſiſter and me, *Harry*. It is not pretty to name yourſelf firſt. Whenever you mention any body elſe, always remember to ſay your own name the laſt. Suppoſe you was going to tell me that Papa and you took a walk this morning: you ſhould ſay Papa and I; not I and Papa went out together.

HARRY. I will think of what you tell me, Ma'am; but now let me go and dig, for I am in a great hurry to find ſome money.

MAMMA. My love, though I told you that money was dug out of the earth, you will not find any; for there is none in our garden, nor any where near us. It is brought from a great way off indeed, ſo you need not go out for that. Men dig very deep to find it: much deeper than ſuch little boys as you could do; and it requires a great many men, and a long time to find any. The pits in the earth it is taken from are called mines. There are gold,

and ſilver, and lead, and copper, and tin mines. But you have never ſeen any. And as we have no mines here, it is needleſs for you to dig at preſent; as you do not want to ſow, or plant any thing.

HARRY. I think I ſhould like



to be a gardener: It is ſo pleaſant to be in the air, and to walk about; and climb up the ladder to nail the trees.

MAMMA. But as you are a little boy, I hope you do not get up the ladder, if you do you will fall down and hurt yourſelf ſadly.

HARRY. Yes, ſometimes I have ſtepped up one or two ſteps, but I will not do it any more if you think I ſhall fall; for I remember little *Bobby Venture* broke his leg you know one day, by falling when he had got to the top of the ladder, which his father had put againſt Mr. *Lofty*'s houſe to mend the

roof of it; and he told us how bad his little boy was when he came to mend Papa's ſtable.

MAMMA. *Bobby Venture* is a very ſilly boy, and does not mind what is ſaid to him. His father builds houſes and mends them (that is

repairs them) when they are old, and he is called a brick-layer. And when he goes to work he ſometimes takes *Bob* with him. When he was mending the top of Mr. *Lofty*'s houſe, he told little *Bob* not to touch the ladder, but to ſtay and play upon the ground, and be-ſure not to come up after him. But *Bob* did not mind, and when his father was up, he took both his hands full of mortar, and climbed up a little way and then he fell down; but he got up again and left the mortar upon the ground, and thought when he had not any thing in his hands he ſhould get to the top. So

when he came very near his father his foot ſlipped, and he fell to the bottom, and broke his leg, and it hurt him a great deal; and now he cannot walk; but muſt lay a-bed a long time, and perhaps will always be lame. What a dreadful thing it is when little boys and girls do not mind when they are ſpoken to! I hope my *Harry* and *Mary* will be always good.

DIALOGUE V.

DIALOGUE V.

MAMMA and MARY.

MAMMA.

WHAT did you cry for laſtnight, my dear?

MARY. Becauſe I wanted you to put me to-bed. Why do you ſit up ſo late, and have ſupper when I am gone to bed? I wiſh when it is time for me to be undreſt, you would always come up with me: I like you

ſhould do every thing for me better than *Hannah*. Pray Ma'am put me to-bed to-night and then I ſhall not cry.

MAMMA. I hope you will not indeed, whether I do or not: for I do not think I ſhall; becauſe you was ſo ſilly laſt night. And, on *Tueſday*, when Mrs. *Wonder* was here, you behaved ſo ill ſhe was quite aſhamed of you. Simple child to cry in ſuch a manner when you are going to bed! I am ſure *Hannah* is very kind to take the trouble to waſh you, and take off your cloaths, and put you to-bed; and you ſhou'd be much obliged to her I think, and not cry,

and fret ſo when ſhe comes to fetch you ; otherwiſe I think ſhe had better go and leave you to cry by yourſelf: and then as you cannot take off your cloaths, you would not be able to go to-bed. It is a very ſilly trick, and indeed I ſhall never put you to-bed at

all, if you weep ſo much when it does not ſuit me to go up ſtairs with you.

MARY. But if I bid *Hannah* undreſs me, muſt ſhe not do it?

MAMMA. No, to be ſure. Not becauſe you bid her, if ſhe does not chuſe it herſelf: nor if ſhe does chuſe it, and was going to do any thing for you, if you do not ſpeak civilly to her, and ſay, Pray, *Hannah!* or, be ſo kind *Hannah!* I hope ſhe will not do any thing for you. Little girls muſt never talk of *bidding* any body do a favour for them.

MARY. But it is no favour, is it, for *Hannah* to put me to bed? She is always to do it: it is her place.

MAMMA. Pray, my dear, what do you mean by place? I tell you I think the maids are very kind, when they either dreſs you or get your breakfaſt, or walk with you, or do any thing for you.

MARY. But Maſter *Haughty* the other day, when we drank tea there, did not ſpeak civilly to his maids. You know, Ma'am, I went into the nurſery with him, and he ſaid, give me ſome bread and butter: and Mrs. *Nanny* told him to wait till ſhe had untied his brother's hat: and he ſaid, No, I wont! I will have it directly! And then he called her names, and ſlapt her hands, and ſaid it was her

place to mind what he bid her. And when his tea was ready, ſhe wanted to put a pin-cloth before him, to keep him clean, that he might not ſpoil his cloaths; and he ſtampt and ſcreamed, and would not have it on at all, and ſnatched the cup out

of his brother's hand, becauſe he would be ſerved firſt: and ſpilled it all down his coat, and wetted his ſtockings and his brother's coat too; and then he cried a great deal, and told Mrs. *Nanny* ſhe ſhould have given him the milk and water when he firſt aſked for it; and that it was all her fault.

MAMMA. And do you think it was, my dear?

MARY. No, for ſhe was going to give it him if he had had patience; but he was in ſuch a hurry! To be ſure he was very naughty!

MAMMA. I think ſo indeed. And he ſhould have his hands tied

behind him for ſnatching, and his legs tied together for ſtamping, and a handkerchief tied over his mouth for ſpeaking ſo ugly, and have gone without any thing to eat or drink. He was a very naughty boy; and if I had known he would have behaved ſo bad, you ſhould not have gone with him: for naughty children ſhould not play with my good little *Mary*, for fear they ſhould teach her to behave like them. So pray, my dear, never talk of *bidding* any body do any thing for you; for it does not ſound at all pretty for little girls to talk in that manner.

There was once a little boy whoſe name was *Jack Wilfull*, and he behaved ſo bad, and ſpoke ſo ugly to the ſervants, that they all determined not to do any thing for him, till he would ſpeak civilly, and be a better child. One morning when his maid went to dreſs him, he told her he would not get up; that his Mamma ſhould put his cloaths on, and that ſhe might go down ſtairs. Then he called his Mamma to come to him, and aſked her to dreſs him, for he wanted to get up. But ſhe was very angry with him for ſpeaking ſo rudely to *Betty*, (for his maid's name was

Betty) and would not take any notice of ſuch a naughty child; but went away and left him to lay in bed. There he lay, ſcreaming,

and crying, *Betty! Betty! Betty!* you ſhall come and dreſs me! you

muſt come and dreſs me! I will be dreſſed! I will get up! I muſt get up now! But nobody minded his crying, or went near him to help him till breakfaſt was over; and then *Betty* was ſo kind as to go into the room to ſee whether he would be a good boy. *Jack* was then ſo tired of his bed, that he had tried every way he could think of to dreſs himſelf; but he could not lace his ſtays, nor could he untie his night cap: ſo he began to find that unleſs *Betty* would help him, he would never be able to go down ſtairs. When *Betty* came into the room he told her he would be a

good boy, and ſaid, if you pleaſe to dreſs me now, I ſhould be obliged to you. So ſhe very kindly put on his cloaths, and he made her a bow, and went down ſtairs. But when *Jack* came into the parlour and found his breakfaſt had been taken away, he cried again, and told *Betty* to bring it up, for he would have it. His Papa, when he ſaw his little boy ſo naughty, deſired that nobody would do any thing to help him all day. He might try, if without the ſervants aſſiſtance he could get any dinner, or any bread, or water, or any thing which he wanted; and then he would

learn to ſpeak civilly, and be obliged to any body who was ſo kind as to aſſiſt him. When dinner was ready, *Jack* was in the garden; but he could not open the door to get in, ſo there he was obliged to ſtay. When he was tired with his play,

and he had waited a great while, it began to rain; and *Jack* was very cold and wet; but he was a little boy, and as he could not reach to open the door himſelf, and *Betty* would not do it for him, becauſe he was naughty; he could not get in the parlour, nor ſhelter himſelf from the wind and rain. At laſt *Betty* let him come in. He was very hungry, very wet, and very cold; and he found that a little boy is much obliged to any body that will aſſiſt him. So he promiſed always for the future to mind what was ſaid to him, and to aſk for what he wanted civilly.

MARY. I think *Betty* was very kind to open the door for him, as he had been ſuch a naughty boy: but you know I can open our door myſelf, and come in when I pleaſe; ſo if dinner was ready, that could not make me go without, and be hungry.

MAMMA. But you muſt always be civil, and good-natured, or elſe *Hannah* will not love you. She will think you are an ill-tempered child, which would be a ſad thing, you know. And although you can open the door yourſelf, there are a great many things which you cannot do. You cannot get your own

breakfaſt, nor waſh or dreſs yourſelf; nor can you take off your frock when you want to go to bed. So you muſt always be good, and ſpeak civilly, and not be ſo whimſical as to cry becauſe *Hannah* puts you to bed inſtead of Mamma. What does it ſignify, my love? I am always with you when I can, and it ſuits me. But if you cry for me ſo often, I muſt not have you in the parlour. And if you do not behave well to *Hannah*, there will not be any body to take care of you.

MARY. I will be a good girl, Ma'am; but I love you better

than any body elſe, except my Papa.

MAMMA. So I would have you, my dear; but when it is proper for you to be with *Hannah*, or any other perſon, you ſhould try to be merry and good humoured, and not fret and be peviſh.

DIALOGUE VI.

DIALOGUE VI.

MAMMA, TOM, JAMES, and DICK.

TOM.

JAMES, will you lend me your little cart?

JAMES. For what?

TOM. To make-believe to carry ſome coals from the wharf.

JAMES. No, I don't like to lend any of my play things to any body. I chooſe to keep them all myſelf.

TOM. Why, you are not uſing it, and I will take great care of it, and not break it, and you ſhall have

it again preſently when you want it.

JAMES. I don't care, I will not lend it to you, I tell you, I don't like to lend my play-things, ſo don't teaze me, I ſay.

TOM. Then I think you are a very croſs naughty boy. I dare ſay *Dick* will be ſo kind as to lend me his cart, won't you *Dick?*

DICK. Yes, that I will, with all my heart, here take it. You may have it as long as you pleaſe; I can play with my wheel-barrow, or you ſhall have that if you want it. Why will not *James* lend you his cart? you are not uſing it, are

you *James?* Why don't you lend it *Tom* when he aſks you? I am ſure it is very ill-natured not to let him have it! How can you be ſo croſs?

JAMES. I am not croſs and ill-natured, I don't like to be called

croſs, but I ſhall not lend *Tom* my cart; I chooſe it ſhould lay in the box.

DICK. Then I am ſure you are croſs, I will aſk my Mamma if ſhe does not think ſo.—Here ſhe comes. Pray, Mamma, don't you think *James* is very croſs, not to lend his cart to *Tom*, when he is not uſing it himſelf, but only keeps it ſhut up in his box.

MAMMA. Yes, indeed I do! *James*, how can you be ſo ill-natured? dont you know that it is very naughty indeed, to be croſs to your brothers? You ſhould always be as kind to them, as you

like they ſhould be to you. If you wanted *Tom*'s cart, ſhould not you think him very croſs if he would not lend it to you?

JAMES. Yes, becauſe I like to have his cart, but I do not like he ſhould have any of my things, and I won't lend it to him.

MAMMA. O, fie, *James!* Don't ſay you won't lend it to him, for that is not a pretty manner of talking; and if you are ſo naughty and croſs, I ſhall ſhut you out of the room, and not let you play with your brothers at all. Fie, naughty boy! I will not talk to you, or take any notice of you; for I don't like

naughty boys. Here, I have got a card in my hand, with *croſs boy* written upon it; I ſhall ſew a ſtring to it, and put it round your neck,

and then every body will know how naughty you are, and will call you

only Maſter *Croſs Boy*, and not talk to you, or play with you.

JAMES. No, pray, Mamma, don't put it round my neck, for I don't chooſe to be called croſs boy!

MAMMA. Will you be good then, and lend *Tom* your cart?

JAMES. No.

MAMMA. Why, then I muſt put it on your neck, and make you ſtand in the corner; and I will take your cart quite away, for you are not uſing it yourſelf, and will not lend it your brother: ſo you ſhall never have it again. I will keep it for ſome good boy to

play with; but I will never buy you any more play-things, becauſe you are not good-humoured, and I don't like croſs boys, nobody loves croſs ill-natured boys.

THE END.

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